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Lordsburg New Mexico.

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS.

By DON. H. KENDRICK.

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Southern Pacific Railroad.

Lordsburg Time Table.

WEEKDAYS.

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ONE GOOD TURN EARNED ANOTHER.

From the Kansas City Times.

"I'd sooner sleep all night with a wet dog," said the old cattleman as he reached in his glass for the lemon, "than to have some of these gawks from the east come pestering 'round givin' opinions about cowboys."

"There's nothing so wild and woolly about a cow-puncher. Generally speaking, they're as mild as Clark Frost, and no more harm in them than a chambermaid, but they're somehow got a hard name. The fact is, they're rough. The cattle business is a health givin' invigoratin' pursoot, and its followers, as a rule, feel like bowlin' and chargin' 'round as a matter of fun an' exercise, and when add to this about eight of the sgrawatin' drinks of the county you've got a combine that runs everything timid up a tree or into a hole. Their life obliterates many of what's called the finer feelin's an' without meanin' nothing they'll do things as shocks eastern people. It brings to me once when I was coming up from Lascoas to Springer. I had an eight-mile team and goat' along for company was Jack Booth, who belonged on the Frym-Pan ranch. We camped one night at Antelope Springs. Back up the sidehill an Injun was buried about petersed out with small-ox or some other effectual disease. Injuns don't waste valuable time in unceremonious ceremonies, and their obsequies don't come high. For instance, they'd just laid this old long horn in a little place the rains had guttered out and stamped a little dirt over him an' there he was. He had been there 'come time an' some of the first had washed away and left his lair stackin' out. While we were eatin' supper Booth allows the water don't taste right."

"I'll bet a saddle in taste of that Injun," says Jack; "that he is, cooked upon that hill, an' every time it rains the taste of him gets washed down into the spring. After supper I'll move him a while lot. Injun is all right an' small-pox is all right in their place, but I don't need 'em biled in my coffee."

"After feed Jack saddled his pony an' went up to the Injun."

"Well, ole Sun-in-your-eye, how is things?" he inquires of the remainder 'comin' pretty easy, an'. It's been decided by some Texas friends of yours, this here place no eligible neek for man at all, to move your camp, an' if I hear no objection the minutes of that thar meetin' will stand approved."

"With that he drops the loop of his rope over the Injun's shanks, bein' as afore said a slickin' out onto landscape, and starts his pony down the hill with him. Did he bury him? No, how could he bury him when he didn't have nethin' to bury with? He sent o' galloped around with him and distributed him until he wasn't noticeable an Injun, which was just as well."

"Now, some people would think that Booth was rough, but he was as kind as a kitten an' had a heart in him bigger'n a race horse. Those boys are always ready to do a man a good turn. I remember one night when I was in Springer. I'd just come up from Texas, an' for two or three days I'd been circulatin' round and indolent the different brands of whiskey pretty steady. I didn't know any one in town, but so far from bein' a handicap, it just seemed to smooth the way for a broad-shouldered, deep chested drunk, for as fast as I'd make a new acquaintance, which was about four times an hour, a large half pint of whiskey was known to perish from the earth right then. On the second or third evening, while I was perambulating the town and formin' friendly ties with Bob Stepp, Hank Hawkins, Jack Williams and other local gentlemen, there came a time when my pocket, giving way to the vicissitudes of frontier life let all my money down into my boot. I'd gone outside and sat down on some bags of cement by Stepp's saloon, intendin' to fish some wealth, when I sank under my labors and fell hard and fast asleep. The night along in January are plenty cold in Springer, and there I was solid drunk, sound asleep freezin' to death and not knowin' a thing about it myself. 'How long,' as they say in books, 'I remained thus I do not know,' but I've a dim and smoky recollection of bein' picked up and carried into the O. K. restaurant. There I was bewitched and befuddled under the direction and at the expense of the gentleman who captured me, but feelin' naughty and indiffernt I never said a word. The banquet over, the organizer of the picnic lugged me upstairs an' laid me on a bed, whar I went promptly to sleep. Along about 9 in the mornin' I'd somewhat recovered, an' about that time the party who brought me that showed up."

"When you get up in the mornin' he says, 'here's a dollar, an' you go an' get a couple of drinks an' then come back an' get breakfast. I've told 'em about it and you tell 'em to charge it to Sell Langston; you remember that, to Sell Langston; I won't be up myself. I'm dealin' monte down to the Mexicans and get in so late I don't turn out till 12."

"I was able to explain that I had plenty of money and pulled off my boot in confirmation, at which he seemed pleased. 'I felt as if this gamble had most likely saved my life, and I'd been in an hour more if he had'nt got me. I got acquainted with him next day and found, him just what he seemed, a tall, gent rough, bad man. But he turned jack for me that time, and about a year later I was able to straighten the account."

"I was camped on the upper Red river, about thirty miles back from Raton. On one afternoon I was coming out of a little cañon into the Caliente when I noticed a man off about forty rods. I backed out of sight to take a look at him. It wasn't considered good taste in the mountains to ride right out onto a perfect stranger, an' people are superstitious about doin' it. It brings bad luck lots of times. I watched this man a few minutes. He was about which seemed queer, and limped along like he was hurt. After studyin' him a little I rode out an' whooped at him for to hold up. When I gets to him, who should it be but Langston. That about an' a bullet in his side. Then he up and tells me about it."

"To make it short it was this away," he says. 'I was dealin' monte, an' usual, down to Wagon Mount. A Mexican who'd lost a hundred or so puts \$50 on the 'horse' an' loses. Then he grabbed the stakes off the table an' I just whacked him over the head with my gun for to drop 'em. He gets a knife out and I had to shoot. He was buried next day and his people offered \$5,000 for my scalp. I had a squeak for it, but got out and come over about six miles from here on the Vermajo. Yesterday when a fellow named Hill and I was coming from the store down to the house about a dozen ambushed Mexicans comes boidin' out of a dry arroyo and begins to shoot. They killed my horse the first bump, but I lit on my feet and I turned loose. We managed to get Pooler and Juan Somero, the two leaders, an' I creased a Dutch Mexican named Shaffer so I'll know him if we ever meet. I got played in the side myself, but it don't amount to much, I don't know where Hill did go, after the Mexicans scattered I got to a corral and roped me a horse, an' after fustin' a half hour, got my saddle onto him an' started. He was hellin' good'n ugly and yesterday back down the canyon he bucked me off and that's the last of him. I staid all night whar I stuck and here I am pretty near done."

"Of course I put Langston on my horse and we went over to my camp. We fixed up his side—it wasn't hurt much now—and the next day I gave him one of my horses called old Tom, as I knew would come back from any distance, and Sell started for Texas. I guess he made the trip all right, for the old horse came into camp about three months later lookin' as if his mind was at perfect peace."

"Eight Mexicans was in my camp two days after Langston left lookin' for him, but of course I hadn't seen him. I was really kind of sorry they didn't get around while he was thar. If they had we'd have fatigued them some."

"No, I never seed Langston no more. Well, sen, what was that profound remark ascribed in history to the governor of North Carolina, and addressed to the governor of the south state? It's the last call in a dance house quadrille: 'All promenade to the bar.'"

Cancer is a form of blood poison which is not understood by the medical profession as to its real nature and character, but it is evidently hereditary in its nature. It may accidentally develop itself without any predisposition or evidence of such existing poison. The knife or caustic salves have heretofore been the so-called remedies for it, but all honest practitioners will tell you that this treatment fails to cure, and only hastens fatal results. Thousands of cases of epithelioma (skin cancer) and a great many cases of scirrhus cancers have been entirely cured by the use of Swift's specific. It forces the poison out through the cancer itself, and through the pores of the skin.

My father had cancer; my husband also had cancer, in fact died with it. In 1875 a lump came on my nose, which steadily increased in size and alarmed me. I used various remedies—salves and other applications and finally tried to burn it out, but the sore returned worse than ever, growing larger and more angry, until I determined to try Swift's specific. I took the medicine and it soon made a complete cure. I know that S. S. S. cured me, because I discarded all other remedies. This was several years ago, and I have had no sign of a return of the cancer.

Mrs. M. T. MAREN, Woodbury, Texas.

NEWS NUGGETS.

Various Items of News Gathered from Our Exchanges and other Sources.

News-Register: Old Man Patterson, whose hunt for the mythical Adams' diggings has passed into history, came into Gallup Sunday evening from a several months prospecting tour. Said he to the writers: "I am damn hunting for the Adams' diggings. I have been in and over every mountain on the Navajo reservation and am astished. The only mountain on the reservation that is by any possibility mineral bearing is the Navajo mountain about 600 hundred miles from Gallup in Arizona, and that does not contain the kind of quartz I am hunting, although I believe the mountain contains mineral in paying quantities." Mr. Patterson speaks confidently of the country he passed through, and will, he says, now go home and attend to his private affairs.

Optic: Don Patricio Gonzales, assistant to the probate clerk, has presented the Optic with some rare old parchments. One is a proclamation issued by Governor Donaciano Vigil to the people of Mexico in 1847, warning them against a band of robbers and pillagers; the other is a call upon the people to be upon their good behavior and in every way possible endeavor to suppress lawlessness in all parts of the territory.

Prospector: An amusing story is related of the examination of a witness before the grand jury last week. Allen Potter, the beardless youth, was having his case examined and the landlady from whom he had stolen the money was airing her testimony. After telling the tale she made a plea for the boy by saying: "Gentlemen, don't be hard on the poor little fellow. He robbed me, but I forgive him. He is young and inexperienced and besides that, gentlemen, he could not help it, gentlemen, for he came from 'Texas.'"

Major J. W. Powell, director of the United States geological survey, gives the altitude of the highest of the San Francisco peaks in Arizona at 12,794 feet.

Optic: The prosperity of a town is gauged not by the wealth of its inhabitants but by the unanimity with which they pull together when any important undertaking is to be accomplished. A man with \$5,000 at his command and love for this town in his heart can do more for the building up and improving of it than the millionaire who looks up his capital and snaps his fingers at home progress.

Enterprise: Mr. A. T. Colton started last Sunday afternoon with his construction party to begin work on the lower section of the Florence canal between the reservoir and the railroad. He has about twenty-five men at work with teams and scrapers and will push the work in a lively manner until fully completed.

The Phoenix Gazette says that a Mr. Herbert, some months ago, planted an orchard of 1,800 orange trees near the falls of the Arizona canal, and out of the whole lot only two have died, the remainder being in a thriving condition. This is a remarkably fine showing, and would seem to prove that the Gila valley will, before many years, rival California in the production of citrus fruits.

There is still hope for people who have antiquated claims against the government. Recently the court of claims awarded three months extra pay to James A. Sample, purser in the navy, for services rendered during the Mexican war. James has long since passed beyond the need of money, but his widow still lives to admire the perfect workings of the cause of justice. The court also distinguished itself on the same day by awarding the state of Georgia \$35,555 for money advanced to the fund for the general defense during the Revolutionary war.

Mejave Miner: Some of the cattlemen complain that the luxuriant growth of grass is causing the death of a good many cattle. They over-eat of the new growth of alfalfa and it causes bloat, which results in their death.

Star: There was a very superior article of tobacco raised at Tanque Verde last year. L. Zekendorf & Co., purchased two tons of the product which they manufactured and put up in packages for smoking. The brand of this tobacco has become very popular. This year the product will reach ten tons, all of which has been purchased by Messrs. Zekendorf & Co. who have established a factory for its manufacture.

An Imperative Necessity. What pure air is to an unhealthy locality, what spring cleaning is to the neat housekeeper, so is Hood's Sarsaparilla to every body, at this season. The body needs to be thoroughly renovated, the blood purified and vitalized, the germs of disease destroyed. Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other blood disorders are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the most popular and successful spring medicine.

Treatise on cancer mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

The Gallup News Register has learned that some of the kachin from what is known as the band in the Black Diamond mine has been tested in Los Angeles, and has proved all that was claimed for it as terra cotta clay. A brick of this clay burned pure white and is of very superior texture. This clay is found in large quantities at Gallup.

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